

And then, it will be a perpetual peace. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace. It will not be a transient peace that comes like the sunshine thru a rift in the cloud, brightening up the earth for a moment and then disappearing to leave the gloom the deeper; but it will be peace that endures,—a peace earth cannot give and cannot take away—a peace that cannot be disturbed, like the waves that roll above them.

This is the peace that lies in store for you and me; the peace that you and I may have by simply trusting; trusting God whose strong arm can bear us safely thru every danger, every trial, every difficulty; trusting Jesus who bids the weary come to him that he may give them rest.

Louisville, Ohio.

Home Circle

A Child's Thought of God

They say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God, and why?
And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Tho from him all that glory shines.

God is so good he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face,
Like secrets kept for love untold;
But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills thru all things made
Thru sight and sound of every place;

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her tender pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said:

"Who kissed you in the dark, dear guesser?"

—Elizabeth Barret Browning.

HOME TRAINING

S. A. MARKS.

Many of the eminent writers would have us believe that a man's market-value is determined a century before he is born. Hence three or four generations of clergymen make ready for a Talmage. They have gone so far as to say if any man be illustrious, let him select his paths. It is true in more senses than one that our first elements, of worth or evil, are handed down to us by our parents. Let all this be as it may, let us be content with what now is, and make the greatest possible good of the talents which God has given us. It is the opinion of the writer that a man's market-value in this day and age of the world, depends upon many elements which this essay will presently demonstrate. This brings us up to the second element of worth or evil, namely, home training. While it is the duty of every parent to inculcate principles of honesty, patriotism, and temperance, they should not overlook the all important subject of industry. Industry is the balancing wheel of personal worth. That parent who is a hustler within himself and who has inspired, inculcated and electrified his children with habits of industry, ambition for business and hustle has bestowed the broadest and grandest and most noble gift upon the face of God's green earth to the boy or girl. He can give nothing greater, and seldom needs to give anything more. And why? Indus-

try is one of the greatest antidotes to devilry that we are now in possession of. It cultivates obedience, cultivates good principle, cultivates honesty, cultivates a desire for justice between man and man. Its preserving power is simply remarkable, as a general rule a boy that is carefully trained up to be industrious, gradually learns to look upon idleness and foolishness with scorn and contempt, and has an educated eye for the articles that may be going to destruction around and about the farm. He gradually learns the worth of a dollar, to value time and to take it by the forelock. He begins to take pride in himself and put a higher estimation upon his own personal character.

He is not one of that number that swarms around the side shows and gambling shops of our county fairs watching for a chance to get something for nothing and receive nothing for something. As a rule you can read honesty written all over the physiognomy of his brow. God pity the child and the parent that brings him up in idleness. The boy that is brought up with nothing useful to do is like a stream of water hunting its way where ever it can find the least resistance.

An idle mind is the devil's workshop. He does not care if school keeps or not. His eye never heeds to the articles that so absolutely demand his care and attention. He day by day grows careless and loses self-respect. The sensation of wretchedness is felt more each day as life advances, finally he reaches the point where don't care takes possession of his soul. When you meet a party whose actions speak the phrase, I don't care, move silently away from that party. Pray God to deliver you from such company.

Idleness is a peaceful quality that neither raises envy by ostentation or hatred by opposition. The Turks used to say the devil attempts every body, but a lazy man attempts the devil. The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals have come to what they are by having nothing useful to do. A young man idle and an old man needy, O! what a dignity there is in toil. Pleasure blooms up on the tree of labor. Labor drives the plow, scatters the seeds, reaps the golden harvest, builds cities, adorns the earth with architectural monuments and beautifies them with the divinest works of art. Labor whitens the seas with the wings of commerce. It binds continents together with the fast holding bands of railroad and telegraphs. Labor extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins. But while you are inspiring your boys and girls with hustle, integrity and business principles, don't fail to strew words of praise along down the line. A little encouragement is just as essential to children as the sunlight and showers are to the grass, trees and flowers.

These little words of praise tone up every fiber of the human soul. They are the little exponents that double the power of the second effort of the boy or girl. The essayist witnessed a case one day in which the wife of a so called husband presented a laundried

shirt, he began to find fault, grumble, quarrel and to abuse until she went away weeping and then I silently turned and told myself, oh! how much hallelujah and music there is in a smile, a kind word, and a little praise.

Kind words are like rose leaves in a drawer, they sweeten every thing around them. Hard words are like hailstones. They beat down the lovely flowers, that they would otherwise nourish if melted into drops.

Having returned from school Robert calls father's attention to his grades in the different branches. Father responded, oh! go off and bring the cows, I care nothing for your old books you'll never amount to anything no way, go off and get the cows. Woe be unto the parent that takes no interest in the education of his children. No parent has any right to bring up children without surrounding them with good literature. A reading people become a thinking people, and a thinking people a great people. But before going farther permit me to impress you with the fact that you must educate the heart as well as the mental faculties. When you have educated a boy's head and failed to look after the education of the heart, you are running a strong risk of preparing him for a complete trixter. We are now to the third element of prosperity or destruction,—namely, literature.

Mark the power of literature upon the minds and hearts of boys and girls. Whether good or bad, it captures their whole soul, as will be presently demonstrated.

Show me the books one is in the habit of reading and I can tell their market value. The writer has had many opportunities to see trashy works lay hold upon the hearts and minds of girls who once possessed habits of industry, cleanliness, neatness and pleasantness, now become lazy, contrary, careless and melancholy, finally drift on down to don't care. On the other hand if there is something true, tender and inspiring, in what she reads, then something of its truth, tenderness and inspiration will grow into her soul and will become a part of her very self. But how is it with the boys? How acute his perceptions are, and how susceptible is his mind to lodge the early observations. The pictures of his early observations hang in the halls of his memory as long life exists. Let him read the life of Jesse James, Wild Bill and some of the pugilistic literature, and keep all the good books away from him and watch for his market value. He becomes colored in their views, more and more deeply rooted in their opinions each day until there becomes a growing demand upon his heart to pattern after them each day as life advances. A bad book in the hand of a boy is as dangerous as the most poisonous serpent—moral and physical poisons. The influence of evil literature falls as noiselessly upon the hearts and minds of young people, as the frost that falleth upon the leaves of the forest, night after night until every living leaf of principle, every blooming rose of morality has withered and departed never to return. Such a course of evil literature prepares him to enter